THE

GUERNSEY GARLAND.

In THREE PARTS.

TEWKESBURY:

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THE Guernſey Garland.

PART I.

YOU mortals all that deal unjuſt,
Who uſe yourſelves to filthy luſt,
Be pleas'd awhile for to draw near,
And liſten to this ditty here.

Which of a nobleman I write,
Who had a comely daughter bright,
Aged fifteen, a comely child,
Who by her father was beguil'd.

Her tender mother being dead,
She by her father was tempted
With him to lie, and in ſo doing,
At laſt it prov'd her utter ruin.

At laſt ſhe prov'd with child, and when,
Finding it was ſo, ſhe cry'd out then,
Father, I am with child by you,
Alas! alas! what ſhall I do?

If it is known I am with child,
My fortune is for ever ſpoil'd,
Alas! alas! I am undone,
To hide my ſhame, where ſhall I run?

Daughter, be not diſſatisfy'd,
I will take care thy ſhame to hide,
In Guernſey there I have a friend,
To whom with ſpeed, I will thee ſend.

And if the child ſhould chance to live,
Full forty pounds a year I'll give,
To ſome who ſhall it own, he ſaid,
Hence to the iſle ſhe was convey'd.

In ſorrow; where in a ſhort while,
She was deliver'd of a child;
This baby was a ſon we hear,
Upon whoſe breaſt did plain appear.

Theſe words at large, in letters blue,
I am thy ſon and brother too,
Which was aſtoniſhment to all,
Spectator's both great and ſmall.

But none of them could ſay aright,
In cauſe of this amazing ſight,
But the poor mother of the child,
She knew the meaning all the while.

But ſhe like Mary for her part,
Ponder'd the ſame within her heart;
Alas! when able this young dame,
Did take leave, and homeward came.

Again unto great Britain's ſhore,
But ne'er went to her father more;
She liv'd with a Goldſmith in the Strand,
A very aged gentleman.

She had two thouſand pounds we hear,
And boarded with them ſeven years,
At laſt the goldſmith and his wife,
By death deprived were of life.

Having a ſon at man's eſtate,
Endu'd with worldly riches great,
This damſel being boarded there,
And of a charming beauty fair.

Having a thouſand pounds withal,
This man in love with her did fall;
And they in love ſo well agreed,
That they were married with ſpeed.

And as the apple of his eye,
He loved her moſt tenderly,
So now, I'll leave you for awhile,
With providence on them to ſmile.

PART II.

AND next ſome ſmall enquiry makes,
What courſe of life her father takes;
He ſent to Guernſey for to know,
How things did with his daughter go.

The anſwer was return'd ſhe's fled,
At which he ſigh'd and ſhook his head,
Saying, O let that day be curſt,
In which, to ſatisfy my luſt,

I rob'd my child of honour then,
For which I was the worſt of men;
What a wretch was I to be ſo vile,
Of honour ſo to rob my child?

All woman kind that do me meet,
Will ſtop me as I walk the ſtreet,
Calling me, brutiſh beaſt; but I,
Am worſe than brutes, by reaſon, why?

Becauſe the brutes do in their kind.
I robb'd a lovely child of mine,
To wrong her thus I am too blame,
Thou'rt loſt, I fear to hide thy ſhame.

Thou'rt gone into ſome cave to be,
Where thou with grief will pine and die,
As for the baby thou didſt bear
All by my villainy, yet care.

O him I am reſolv'd to take;
My whole eſtate to him I'll make,
This being done then out of hand,
With ſpeed I'll quit my native land.

And in ſome foreign wilderneſs,
My ſorrow great I will expreſs,
With weeping eyes, and tears great flood,
Unto the harmleſs trees and birds.

Where warbling birds to ſtrain their throats
Singing out their warbling notes,
Moſt ſweet and lovely to the ear,
But they need not their anger fear.

O God! whoſe great all-ſeeing eye,
Can in great deſerts me eſpy,
Encompaſſed with ſorrows round,
He ſaid, my ſins will cut me down.

Like graſs that withers and conſumes,
This ſhameful ſin will be my doom,
So in ſmall time as we hear,
To Guinea he his courſe did ſteer.

There in an unfrequented wood,
This man became a tyrant's food,
Now ſince he has loſt his breath,
And come to an untimely death,

We'll leave him and give you to know,
How things did with his daughter go.

PART III.

HIS ſon he by his daughter had,
Grew up to be a comely lad,
And in this iſland, as 'tis told,
He tarried 'till ſixteen years old,
At laſt this youth, as it is ſaid,
Reſolved for to 'learn a trade.

He came to London city where
In ſhort time he a 'prentice were,
Unto this goldſmith and no other,
Whoſe wife happen'd to be his mother.

But all his 'prenticeſhip that while,
She never heard he was her child,
The laſt year of his ſervice then,
His maſter dy'd like other men.

He forced was by cruel death,
For to reſign his vital breath,
This apprentice being tall,
And of a pleaſant look withall,

His miſtreſs fancy'd him ſo well,
That ſhe 'till death with him could dwell,
And according to old England's laws,
She to her 'prentice joined was.

And all the live long wedding day,
In mirth they paſs'd the time away;
When night was come with free conſent,
To bed the bride and bridegroom went.

Taking her reſt and ſleep that night;
But in the morning 'ere 'twas light,
As ſhe her huſband's ſide lay by,
Upon his breaſt ſhe did eſpy.

The mark as I before told you,
Whereby to her great grief ſhe knew,
He was born of her own body,
At which ſhe wept moſt bitterly.

Smiting her breaſt, ſhe ſaid, I find,
No woman's ſorrow's like to mine,
To hear her groans and diſmal cries,
It put him in a ſad ſurpriſe.

Saying, my dear, pray let me know,
The cauſe of your lamenting ſo;
Alas! I have enough ſhe cries,
With very grief my heart it lies

Bleeding within my mournful breaſt,
On earth we no more ſhall have reſt,
My very ſoul's oppreſs'd with care,
My ſorrows more than I can bear.

O wretched man the cauſe of this,
Ne'er think to taſte of heavenly bliſs,
Hearing theſe words immediately,
He ſtraitway made her this reply:

What harm have I pray to you ſhewn?
As makes you make this pitious moan?
Her anſwer was no harm at all:
The things that makes my tears to fall,

And thus deprives me of my reſt,
Is the mark upon your breaſt;
A wicked man, father of mine,
Did overcome me once with wine;

And having done this thing, then he,
Robb'd me of my virginity.
Contrary to God's holy laws,
You in my womb conceived was.

I am the woman that bore you,
Your ſiſter, wife, and mother too.
O what uncommon thing is here,
My wife to be my mother dear.

Her anſwer was, 'Tis true indeed,
Theſe thoughts do make my heart to bleed;
This thing will all my glory blaſt,
Of joyful days I've ſeen the laſt.

No ſort of ſuccour will I have,
But will go mourning to the grave,
I fear that when my body's dead,
And under ground is covered,

My poor diſtreſ'd forſaken ſoul,
Will in the air be left to howl.
So this paſs'd on a month or two,
In great ſorrow, grief, and woe.

And with deep groans and panting heart,
She with her precious life did part,
Leaving her loving ſpouſe behind,
For her in floods of tears to pine.

And thus in grief of ſoul, I ſay,
Lord give me patience, I thee pray;
And that this may a warning be,
To all that hear my deſtiny.

Now to conclude, you women all,
And likewiſe maidens great and ſmall,
Let this poor woman's deſtiny,
By you always lamented be.

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